

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor creases and discoloration, particularly along the edges. The left edge of the page is bound into the book's spine, and a sliver of the adjacent page is visible on the right.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AMERICAN-AFRICAN.

[An address delivered at St. Paul's Church, New York, Nov. 4, 1878, on the occasion of the anniversary of the Freedman's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by Bishop Haven.]

When in New Orleans, a few winters ago, I was invited to the house of one of our ministers. In his little parlor hung a large picture. It covered one half the length and height of one side of the room. It was a magnificent steel engraving of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, held in Nashville, in the Representatives' Chamber of the capitol in 1868. The tall form of the venerable Soule stood erect upon the platform. Around him were his colleagues. Before him on the floor were arranged the members. In the gallery sat the ladies whose husbands and friends occupied the seats below. The pillars of the stately room encircled the stately body. In front of the platform on the floor sat the Secretaries. Among them stood a colored man pouring water from a pitcher into a goblet. And so carefully was the picture drawn, that one could see from the farthest corner of the hall the water flowing from pitcher to tumbler. The servitude of the man of color was thus made evident. It was impossible to mistake him for a member or an officer of the assembly.

That person pouring that water was the minister of our Church, at whose house I first saw the picture. The engraving was presented to him in token of his services as janitor of the hall and servant of the Conference.

Had you asked that body at that hour of its culmination, if the time would ever come when that servant, as a minister of our Church, should sit in one of our Conferences in that territory, and, either himself or as a delegate to our General Conference from that section, there would not have been any need of a reply. A disdainful negative would have sat on every lip. Yet he has thus sat on our assemblies; and such as he, by his vote, have sat in our general assembly, even in Baltimore, a Southern, and then a slave-holding city. He has, furthermore, asked if the people whom he represents would ever be free and endowed by the General Government with equal rights, political and civil, with those whom the body itself represented, a more disdainful negative would have curled every lip. Not in the life-time of any member of that Conference, not in any life-time, would such a result be reached. They were bored through the ear with an awl to the door-post of the Saxon race as servants forever. They were to be protected as servants, preached to as servants, treated legally as servants—the property of the white man, perfect and perpetual. The vast domain represented in that assembly, from the Ohio and Potomac to the Gulf and the Rocky Mountains, was unit on that idea and purpose—a social, religious, financial, political, military unit. Nothing could dissolve or disturb its unity. The rest of the country was divided and distracted, and could never combine to invade, much less to break up, that gigantic system. It was established forever.

Who would have dared to suggest to that distinguished assembly, or his associates, that the hour was coming, nay, now was, in which that whole system should be completely broken up; that they were assembled under the last administration that would or could protect the idea and purpose that had thus cemented the whole vast fabric of that territory; that ere their next session should meet, the roar of hostile cannon should be heard in the streets of New Orleans, and the flag of the nation should float from that capitol over an emancipated State? Yet so it was. In May, 1858, this gorgeous gathering occurred under the flag of slavery; in February, 1862, Gen. Grant captured Fort Donelson, and on the twenty-third of the same month, two months before the expiration of the quadrennium, the National troops, bearing freedom on their banner and their bayonets, entered the lordly tower.

But a greater contrast is here. Had one been bold enough to have withheld the possibility of emancipation, his life had paid the forfeit of his presumption. How much more speedily his doom, had he added education to the possibility. To free the slave was impossible; to educate him a still greater impossibility. To suspect one of being an abolitionist would have endangered his life; to have proved him such, though he did not, or said no word in confirmation of his opinion, would have insured his violent death. How intense would have been the madness had he expressed the thought that the slaves would not only be free, but educated in all departments of human culture, from primary to professional. No bone of his body but would have been shattered by the outbursting wrath of the concentrated power and power of the ruling people.

Turn now to another picture, drawn not yet on a steel plate by an engraver's tool, but drawn on the retina of many a grateful eye—a picture from life in the same city. It is in 1878, twenty years exactly after the first assembly had met. It is not at the capitol, but on a high street in the south part of the town. A pile of ground, some thousand feet in length and several hundred deep, is covered by four brick buildings. The first is the original mansion where the gentleman of the estate resided, and where his servants served him—a spacious edifice, with large halls, lofty parlors, and long corridors. Next to it is a chapel bearing on its front the honored name of Bishop Thomson; next to that a building for recitation rooms and dormitories; and next to that a large edifice containing a dissecting room, philosophical and library rooms, and dormitories. The whole four are the property of the Society whose anniversary we are met to celebrate, and are known as the buildings of the Central Tennessee College. In that chapel is gathered a large audience, met to hear the graduating exercises of the Meharry Medical School. On the platform are seated the leading physicians of the city who have been employed as lecturers to the students. The president of the school, a Northern gentleman, is a graduate of the School of Medicine of Vanderbilt University. Three young men present their theses on medical subjects and receive their diplomas. The Dean gives an address, and these doctors of the city utter their congratulations. The crowded house, the well-dressed youth, the stirring music, the delight flashing from every eye, these are the accessories to the central figures—colored doctors receiving the diplomas which give them social professional equality with every other physician in the State, receiving them with the approval of distinguished white representatives of that most sensitive and scrutinizing of professions.

What a change from the one who was born thrall, and expected all his days and all the days of his children and children's to remain thrall, pouring water for owners or their ecclesiastical representatives and these youth going out to minister to the health of the community, the accented voice of every citizen. And all this in the Freedman's Aid Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church in one illustration!

tion! that is her work, her claim, her purpose. The past is prophetic of the future. I need not lead you up the slow steps that have reached the summit. Slow as they have appeared, they have landed us in less than half a generation on the loftiest table-lands of humanity. That land may stretch out farther, and may slope up higher, but it is the same plateau. The physician of today may know more than Galen and Hippocrates, but he does not rank his profession higher. So the graduate of Meharry a decade hence may excel in attainments him of yesterday, he can never cease to respect the earliest students of his school.

This twenty years should be reduced by one-third, if not one-half. It was not until three years after the picture of '68 that the opening gun of the new civilization was fired in Charleston, and heard round the world. It was not until seven years after, that the first school was established. That school I visited in the fall of 1866. It was located in a building that had been used as a gun-factory by the Confederate forces, and confiscated by the National Government. On rough benches sat rougher people—youth, children, men, and women—in rags of livery-woolen and jeans, patched like Joseph's coat, but not through pride and plenty, but through poverty, bootless and shoeless and stockless, knowledgeless certainly, and would have said brainless. They were Israelites without the Egyptian spoils—Israelites in their original brick-clay degradation—Israelites despised by the Egyptians, from whom they had escaped by their arms, but from their own motives of self-preservation, delivered them. There they sat crouching over their primers, spelling with difficulty the easiest words, answering stammeringly the simplest questions, strong only in the gift of song and the faith of their teachers.

In twelve years they have passed on and up through primary and grammar school, and seminary and college, into and out of the professional school—the cap-stone of culture, recognized as such through all the world and all the ages.

Shall we not exultingly exclaim, What hath God wrought! He hath helped His servant Israel. To those who sat in darkness and the shadow of death, light hath sprung up—light in the inner and the innermost eye; light for a people that were not a people, but are now the people of God; light henceforward and forever.

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greatness—on the line of railroad arose the verdant groves of Cladonia University. Behind these murmuring pines you see the new brick four-story structure, the first among many brethren. No site so slightly has any other college in that State. The State University at Columbia is hidden away in a level park. This stands forth before that lofty State, the representative and exponent of the new civilization, despite all opposing forces, shall yet control and uplift that commonwealth. Every traveler from its capital to its sea-port, and from its sea-port to its capital, must needs go along the front of Cladonia. Let the Church continue to hold that fort for Christ and humanity, and she will have subdued all the South unto herself.

For many a season since its termination in flowery Florida, and in its capital city, through with visitors during all the cold and dreary winter that possesses our Northern coast, appear the modest buildings of Cookman Institute, the first flower that has ever grown in that soil stamped with the signet of the God-man—the real God in man and man in God—the only true Christianity can come to flourish in the soil of the South. That seed will multiply after its kind, and fill all that summer-land with its beauty and life.

Turn now westward, and on the great line of travel north from Savannah, thirty miles from Augusta, on grounds running along by the side of the railway, hidden in magnificence, pines, pines, pines, the pretty white edifice, from the land and comely, of the Waynesboro' School. Thence westward to Atlanta—center of all Southern travel and trade—are four hundred and fifty acres lying on the edge of the town, into which the city streets are fast moving, through whose woods some of them are already blazed, the unnumbered property of this Society. In the city, on one of its best corners, Cladonia University actively awaits the hour of its translation; not far off, we trust—when its present vigorous and aggressive principal, with its corps of teachers and crowd of scholars, can find room and verge enough for a university of the highest order and the longest life.

Take the palace-car thence to New Orleans, and fifty miles behind you see the great destruction that has befallen the city, and the shadow of death, light hath sprung up—light in the inner and the innermost eye; light for a people that were not a people, but are now the people of God; light henceforward and forever.

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[87]

The Family.

LIFE'S COMMON HERITAGE.

BY META E. D. THORNE.

Ah, say not so!
Say not that life for this one is a bribe
With joy exuberant, with love's rich glow,
The while this other's heart is bowed
With woe.

Until the common sunlight shines but dim,
How canst thou know?
Hast thou not marked the tears that did
Not flow,
Tears that, repressed, fell burning on the
soul?

But known the agony that rent the whole
Bruised heart, thou might'st for "joy" have
written "woe."

Thou seest not!
God only sees the fountain of the heart,
The hidden sources of the bitter tears
That ever dim the eye; He only hears
The cry wrung forth by sore affliction's
darts.

The "common" lot!
Each hath his burdens, each his thorny
cross;
One carries his upon his arms spread
wide,
Another, 'neath his vesture, 'gainst his
side
Pressed closely. Each knows some grievous
loss.

Our heritage!
Each heart endures alone the rending throes
Whence, only, great, pure souls are
brought to life;
Each knows its own temptations and its
strife,
Longings for good with which it overflows.

In every age,
Alone—no yet alone—each soul doth
strive;
For One of shining men of days His hand
Upon the thorny cross; at that command
It lightens, and its wreathing flowers re-
vive;
And He who wreathed that thorny cross
with bloom—
Our weakness with His mighty strength
supplied—
Such "common" woes He, too, hath
borne, besides,
The wrath of God and death's deep
gloom.

ONE WRONG STEP.

BY MRS. D. SHERMAN.

Something more than thirty years
ago, a young man of promise was
graduated from a New England Uni-
versity with the highest honors. Hav-
ing been early converted and initiated
into the doctrines of the Christian life,
he yielded to a conviction of duty to
devote himself to the work of the min-
istry. Presented as a candidate for
admission, he was received into one of
our Northern Conferences. With na-
tural talents as brilliant, and acquired
ability perhaps as prominent, as any
that ever graced a Conference, and
withal deeply imbued with the spirit of
his mission, while he seemed to "abide
under the shadow of the Almighty," he
bade fair for a life of great usefulness,
and was eligible to almost any position
of trust and responsibility in the Con-
ference.

With experience, we find him rising
higher in the estimation of the Church-
es, until he stood forth before the world
a shining mark. Other denominations
were attracted to his altar and almost
entranced by his eloquence. Some
persons began to ask, "Why cannot
we secure that man for our pastor?"
The interests of our people would be
greatly promoted by his labors, and
we could make a very great advance
on the salary he now receives."

Thus they reasoned, and meanwhile
they followed closely on his ministra-
tions, determined, if possible, to secure
their purpose. It was finally decided
to wait upon the pastor, present the
wishes of the Church, with proposals,
and then await his reply.

To the committee who in person pre-
sented the invitation, his answer was
decidedly negative. He repudiated the
idea of leaving his own Church to be-
come the pastor of another people.

Thus the matter rested for a season.
He, however, subsequently felt inclined
to look at the subject again. "That
perpetual pastorate; that magnificent
church, with its elaborate furnishings;
that pleasant parsonage with its sur-
roundings and other attractions," did
look so desirable that his resolution be-
gan to waver. "Is not that an evangeli-
cal Church?" said he. "Is not its
creed orthodox and Scriptural? Is
not its communion free from exclu-
siveness? And do not the people de-
sire the preaching of sound doctrines?"
And then to be free from that ever-
rolling wheel of the itinerancy and the
sorrows and discomforts it ever entails
upon the minister and his family, and
to have a permanent home—surely,
these are things to think of."

The idea of an increased salary found
no lodgment in his mind; it was un-
worthy of a Christian minister. So firm
and unwavering was his trust,
that he never doubted that "God would
supply all his need." And when he
had gone forth on his mission, with
neither purse, nor scrip, nor shoes,
and returning had been asked, "Lacked
ye anything?" he would have answered,
"Nothing!"

But the reasons before presented
weighed heavily, and the thought be-
fore so unwelcome was now "endured,
then plied, then embraced." "I will
see that committee again," said he.

A few weeks past away, and we find
our minister, with all the usual cere-
mony, duly installed as pastor of the
Church, in— On the opening
of his ministry, things moved on har-
moniously for a season, but already a
little cloud was seen gathering in the
horizon. The pastor seems a little
careworn, sad and disconsolate. Why
is this? Has he lost the companion-
ship of that class of Christian brethren
in the ministry proverbial for their

sympathy and fraternal feeling? Does
he miss their cordial greeting and the
intercourse with spirits so congenial?
Going up to the sanctuary, as he reads
his sacred courts, does he miss the fa-
miliar faces and that spirit of inspira-
tion pervading the atmosphere, as he
was wont? And does the orchestra
peal out those grand, old sacred
hymns, precious to him as household
words? Oh, call it not inebriety, for
we are creatures of circumstances, sub-
ject in a measure to the influences by
which we are surrounded! Their pas-
tor contracts the malaria termed
"homesickness," and, losing heart,
becomes incapacitated for his public
duties. His prayers lose their usual
 fervor and earnestness; his preaching
lacks the union; his popularity
wanes; his congregation dwindles and
diminishes, and in a few weeks more
his dismissal becomes a fixed fact, and
his labors with that people are ended.

What about the itinerancy now, his
life-long pastorate, and his permanent
home? Like the steamer whose fires
have gone out in mid-ocean, so is he
left on the open sea, without anchor
and without compass. Unsettled and
undetermined respecting his future
course, he bends his steps towards a
distant Southern city, where we find
him accepting proposals and entering
another profession diverse from the min-
istry.

We pass over a period of several years,
and will again look in upon him. Set-
tling aside all pecuniary successes and
interests as of minor importance, we
propose now to look only at his spiri-
tual prosperity. And here, in sympa-
thy with him, we are prompted to drop
the curtain; but as yet his sad tale is
unfulfilled. We quote from his corre-
spondence, leaving him to relate a part
of his own history in his own lan-
guage:—

"If my life were given," said the
writer, "just as it has been lived, it
would be a history of marvels, varied
and surprising. I have seen the best
and the worst side of all earthly good,
and my life has been one stupendous
failure. I have had many remarkable
answers to prayer. At times, especial-
ly in my earlier years, I have seen the
naked hand of God. I prayed much,
and my soul seemed to shoot up like
the arrow of Aescles of old, taking fire
in its flight, and vanishing in the im-
mensity of heaven. But a veil of sor-
row has been thrown over me, affect-
ing my whole course. For several
years I have been wading through
great trials. Great darkness and doubts
overwhelm me. The blackness of dark-
ness, blacker than Erebus, hides all
light. Is there a God? If so, is He a
monster? Does He lead the best of
souls, like Job and Jesus, into the wil-
derness to be tempted of the devil?"

"You will think me wicked in ask-
ing these questions. But oh, I need
sympathy and help! I am tired of the
perpetual pastorate. I am weary of the
light of earth and of the light of Zion.
I have sought, and found Him not.
I have mounted to the chambers of
Heaven and I have found Him not. I
have heard the voice of His voice, but
He passed by me and I saw Him not. Yet
my soul would see God. Oh, that I
knew where I might find Him; that I
might come even to His mercy-seat,
and bringing my burden of sorrow, I
would lay it down before Him!"

"Why was I born? Why was my
young life blasted, and why was I led
into the strange paths my feet have
trod? And oh, why this horror of
darkness which overshadows me? As
time bears me on, it seems that my
darkness increases, while my sorrows
are becoming multiplied, and in bitter-
ness of grief I cry out, 'Alas! mis-
erable me! whichever way I fly is hell!'
I myself am hell! And in its lowest
depths, a lower deep still opening wide
is threatening to devour me, to which
the hell I suffer seems a heaven!"

My life has been one living sorrow, and
I am like a bubble, tossed upon the
boundless ocean. Oh, pray for me,
with an earnest, special, importunate
spirit, that God will again lift the cloud
and show unto me His great glory!"

In the above, we present so many
sketches. This is the language of a
benefit of the favor of God—of a soul
which once bathed in the Fountain of
light and love and joy, and which by
prayer and faith then entered into the
Holy of Holies and seemed to "move
that Arm which moves the world." But
oh, how fallen! And how is one's
heart wrung with sympathy at the dis-
closure of such a sad and sorrowful
tale! A soul whose lamp has gone
out, groping in the dark, in wretched-
ness and despair, reaching in every di-
rection, and crying for help, but "can-
not find God."

What a fearful admonition this! It
is also a full illustration of that text
found in Matt. vi, 23: "If, therefore,
the light that is in thee be darkness,
how great is that darkness!"

THE WRECK OF THE BETSY ANN.

[The following mock heroic poem, by
Professor B. F. Leggett, was read at a re-
cent entertainment at Greenwich Academy.
It is the narrative of the adventures of two
gentlemen of the institution, who were cap-
tured in the "Betsy Ann."]

Have you read of the "ancient mariner,"
That tale so artfully told
By a master bard, that it stills the heart
And makes the blood run cold?
You have quailed, perchance, at the glitter-
ing eye
Of that strange and bearded man;
'Tis a curdling tale—but listen now
To the wreck of the "Betsy Ann!"

'Twas all in the gorgeous autumn time,
When the nights were frosty and cold,
And the sun the Indian summer wore
Had turned the leaves to gold;
The busy light of a witching charm
Wrapped hill and valley and sea,
And wrought with a spell unknown before
A lure for the perditional sea!

The lighthouse stood like a sheeted ghost
Away on the warward shore,
And a phantom ship had sailed the bay
In the midst of the day before;
A something hung in the winnowing air
That bodied no good, but ill;
For the fishermen who raked for clams
Could never hear their baskets fill!

The cry of the sea-gull smote the air
Across the bar at the harbor's mouth,
And the ominous sound of the wild ducks'
song,
Was tossed on the waves below;
'Twas a luckless day for the "Betsy Ann!"
From her moorings sailed away
Across the bar at the harbor's mouth,
And out the land-locked bay.

Full proudly she sailed from her anchorage,
White-winged 'twixt the wave and sky—
But alas! that the fondest dreams will fade,
The bravest hopes will die;
No bark can know of her final wreck,
Since the future is veiled in gloom,
And the sailors so hearty and merry and
free
Knew not that she sailed to her doom!

One was a Norseman, brave and bold,
From the boreal land of snow,
And one from the land his fathers sought,
And one from the land his fathers sought,
Captain and mate were they of the craft—
In fact, they were all the crew;
And they spread the sails of the "Betsy Ann!"
And steered for the ocean blue!

'Twas a perilous thing for men to do!
The siren's siren song
Had won the breeze to their side,
And the wind blew fresh and strong;
Down deep below the mermaid laughed,
And the quagmire of the sea smiled,
At the thought of a craft like that
All sailing away to the sea.

But away she sped, with her pennon set
As proudly grand and gay
As the white-winged sea-gulls beating the
air
And drifting down the bay;
And merrily sang the light-house crew—
They were the bravest of the brave,
Ah, little they dreamed that a gale could
blow,
But only their sails to fill!

But a flash sprang out of the north-west,
With a wicked gleam in his eye,
And a cruel purpose to smite the deep,
Till the "Betsy Ann" should die;
How it rent the sails of the craft,
As the tempest swept the spray,
Till the pale crew clung to a helpless wreck
That reeled and rolled in the bay.

Load was the wall of the shipwrecked men,
Far over the breakers in his eye,
For the water was quite perceptibly wet,
And the waves were chilly and cold,
They clung to the foundered wreck, their grief,
While the cool sea lapped their feet,
And lustily cried to a fishing-smack
To come to their quick relief.

'Twas wonderful kind of that fisherman—
May his shadow grow more and more!
He wrapped them up in a tattered sail,
And brought them safe to the shore;
He doctored them with ginger pop,
And bade them lie down and sleep,
Till the daylight of the evening time,
When he took them home on a dray.

How long the fright of that perilous wreck,
Like a nightmare, clammy and cold,
Pranced through the dreams of the rescued ones
The record has never told.
But this we know, and as a wiser far
Than before that autumn day,
They have learned to shift their ballast now,
When they tack in a flaw or gale!

Afar on the bay the sails are spread
Of the vessels that come and go;
But the craft whose fate is sealed,
We never shall see or know;
But breathless all, in the years to come,
When the crew shall be laid to rest,
Will the "Betsy Ann" of the terrible wreck
Of the "Betsy Ann" in the bay!

—The Messenger.

A THANKSGIVING DAY FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY MYRA A. GOODWIN.

Grandma laid the half-finished stock-
ing down in her lap, and gazed dream-
ily into the fire.

"Come, Anna," said sister Nell, tak-
ing Cook's last lecture out of my hands.
"Haven't you had cook-ery enough after
baking for to-morrow? Well, I
have, and look! grandma is seeing pic-
tures in the fire. When she does that,
there's a story brewing. Come, now,
grandma," said the merry girl, setting
herself on the footstool by the old lady's
side, and leaving her fancy-work to the
tender mercies of the playful kitten on
the floor. "do let Anna draw herself
in Cook's unfathomable sea, if she will,
but I'm just perishing for something
more thrilling. Tell me a story of your
early life. The romantic part will do
as well as any."

"You foolish child," said grandma,
stroking the bright hair softly. "I'm
afraid your visit has been rather dull
here, shut up among these hills. Nev-
er mind, the rest of the young folks
will come to-morrow, and we'll have as
good a turkey dinner as this old house
ever saw. What luck we had with ev-
erything, except that the fruit-cake is a
little too brown. If it keeps on snow-
ing, the sleighing will be fine to-mor-
row. Yes, child, I'll tell you a love
story about a Thanksgiving day just
fifty years ago."

At this Cook was laid on the table,
and rescuing Nell's sofa-pillow, I drew
my chair up by the glowing grate.

"Ah," said Nell, archly, "my old
maid sister, who claims to be brought
down by the aspirations of youth, and de-
voted to committees and foreign mis-
sions—even she forsakes Cook for a
tale of love."

The old maid sister only smiled down
on the pretty young face, and grandma
began:—

"It was just fifty years ago, and in-
stead of these broad fields, and the vil-
lage near by, this part of the country
was a howling wilderness. We lived
right in the forest, with only a few acres
partly cleared around our cabin, for we

had just come to Indiana the year be-
fore. I was very lonely at first, after
leaving our Connecticut home, but
mother and we girls had so much to do
that there was no time for repining.

"We only had two rooms—a large
one below, and the loft, as we called it,
above. The lower room was parlor,
sitting-room, kitchen, and mother's bed-
room. The little boys slept in a trundle-
bed, which in the day-time was pushed
under mother's bed. We three girls
all slept upstairs—only there weren't
any stairs, but simply a ladder leading
to the chamber above. We did not
have Estlake furniture, I assure you.
We had a rough poplar table, beds such
as you have at camp-meeting, and for
a few years not even a looking-glass."

"The suspense you were in during
those years must have been terrible,"
put in Nell.

"Ah, my child," went on grandma,
"we did not suffer as girls would now.
There were no crimping-pins to take
out in the morning. We did not need
a glass to see how rough we could make
our hair. We just combed it back as
smooth as satin, and rolled it in a coil,
and put in a high comb," smoothing
Nell's tall-tale looks as she spoke. "We
had no need of full-length mirrors to
see if the surplus yards of goods were
looped up right. But we were well,
and had cosy cheeks and bright eyes,
and if we had had looking-glasses,
we would have seen very different faces
from those most girls see now, if I do
say it, for girls were like fresh roses
then, not faded lilies. We were
burned out, in our old home, so could
not pay for the land and get comfort
too; for we would not go in debt."

"Would that I had lived before
mortgages were fashionable!" sighed
Nell.

"Yes, child, a mortgage is one of
the modern improvements," continued
grandma. "We were fortunate in hav-
ing good neighbors as near as three or
four miles. Then there was a meet-
ing-house six miles away, where the Meth-
odist minister preached every other Sun-
day, and where they had a prayer-
meeting the Sundays between. Father
and we three girls always walked,
while mother rode the horse, with one
of the boys behind and the baby in
front. In summer we went to church
barefoot, and carried our shoes and
stockings in our hands to save them,
and put them on just in sight of the
church. In the winter we wore shoes
and carried hot bricks to keep our feet
warm after we got there; for there
wasn't much fire in the house, which
was log, and so old you could see out
through the chinks. In summer it was
pleasant eating our dinner under the
grand old trees and chatting with the
neighbors. Your grandfather used to
tell me, girls, that he fell in love with
me, seeing me take care of the baby
between meetings. In the winter we
often had hard times going through
the woods in the path the oxen broke
through the snow."

"We got up at four every morning.
No, Nell; you would not have enjoyed
jumping into your clothes at that hour,
and may be stepping into several little
snow-drifts on the floor where the snow
had drifted in through the cracks. But
the days were all too short, at best; for
there was spinning, weaving, knitting,
cooking, and cleaning for a large fam-
ily to be done. I spun or carded wool
most of the time, while mother wove.
Nancy cooked and cleaned, and the
power plates on the dresser shone like
silver, while the floor was white enough
to eat off. Mary, the eldest, filled in
the chinks, as she said, helping us all
and always doing the right thing. We
were contented, looking forward to bet-
ter days. We girls were as sprightly
as the fawns that hid in our trees.
Nerves hadn't been discovered then.
Besides, father and mother were profes-
sors, and taught us that God would take
care of us in the perils of a new coun-
try. Mary, though, was the only one
of us girls who had an experience, and
spoke in class-meeting."

"Our nearest neighbor had one son—
a great, strong young man who had
a good schooling and was a local pre-
acher. The girls thought him handsome,
but I made fun of him from the first.
I had seen young men from New York,
and among them a foppish young fel-
low I thought my ideal; so Robert Con-
ley made little impression on me. He
was very religious, and led meetings or
preached in the cabins for miles around;
for he was going to be a Methodist
preacher. I always declared I wouldn't
marry a preacher."

"We met at meetings Sundays, and
sometimes he would come and sit by
our fire on Sunday afternoons, and talk
with father, who was delighted to find
somebody to talk to—for father had
been well educated—and I would
listen very much interested, as I rocked
the baby to sleep in the bed-room cor-
ner. Sometimes he would come week-
days and spend the evening, which
meant then from six to eight, not from
eight till eleven, as I believe it does
now. Well, he would play with the
children, cracking nuts, or popping
corn in a spider over the coals, while he
talked to Mary as she sewed or knit,
and I spun or carded wool silently by
my side of the fire. Not very roman-
tic, you say, Nell? Well, times have
changed, my dear. A young man did
not have to take a young lady to every
concert, lecture, and what-not for sev-
eral years, and spend a small fortune in
carriage hire and presents, and see her
alone four hours every evening, before
he decided that she was the right one,
or had spunk enough to ask her. Then
he did not wait till her parents could
see or borrow money enough for a tro-
op whatever you call it."

"No, when a young man saw a good
sweet girl whom he could love, he went
to see her right in the family—the

only sure place; he would not rave
about her being the idol of his heart,
but would ask her to marry him, and
begin a home with him."

"How prosaic!" sighed Nell.

"And the girl," continued grandma,
"would generally say yes, and they
would commence life in their own cab-
in, and find happiness in true, every-
day love. I was like Nell. I didn't
want any of my poetical dreams shat-
tered by this practical way of doing
business, so I determined Robert would
not get me with any such wooing."

"Did I know he was coming to see
me?" Of course, you foolish child. To
be sure, he never said anything to me
about love, but he was always doing
something to help me, and though he
talked most to Mary, he generally
looked at me as I worked; and I just
knew it anyway."

"We were walking home from
church one day in early fall. I'll never
forget how lovely everything looked.
The maples were just turning to crim-
son flames. They looked like torches,
in the midst of the dark green of the
other trees. Some of the hills looked
like a country girl at a fair, dressed in
so many different colors. I stopped a
moment after the meeting to speak to
one of the neighbors, and the rest went
on. When I started I found Robert
waiting for me, and we walked on in
silence."

"Eleanor," he said at last, 'will
you be my wife?'

"I was provoked at his coolness, so
I answered in an indifferent way. 'I'm
sure I don't see why I should.'

"Why, Nellie," he said, looking
surprised and pained; 'you know I've
loved you since the first day I saw
you.'

"Not by anything you've ever said,"
I replied.

"Oh, is that all?" he said, bright-
ening up. "I never thought to tell
you. I thought everybody knew we
loved each other. I do love you, and
want you to be my wife. I am li-
censed to preach, and am going to join
the Conference and take a circuit in the
spring; and you will go with me, won't
you, Nellie dear?"

"His words thrilled me to the very
soul, but still I thought he was taking
too much for granted and talking too
calmly about it, so I said, 'You take
a good deal for granted, Robert. One
would think I had said I loved you. I
won't marry any man just because he
doesn't want to go on a circuit alone.
Let's not talk any more about it. I said,
devoutly hoping he would go on. But
he remained silent and thoughtful till
we caught up with our folks, and then
he turned homeward, saying he could
not spend the evening with us, and
bidding us good-by without even look-
ing at me. I believe if he had turned
his great dark eyes, always full of love,
upon me, I would have begged him to
forgive me then and there. But I went
home sorry and ashamed, not daring
to tell any one what had happened. I
spent a wretched evening. I let the
mush burn when I was getting supper,
and scolded the children when I put
them to bed till Willie began to cry.
Then when father and mother were
reading, and Mary and Nancy gone to
walk in the moonlight with two young
farmers whom father had invited home
from meeting, I slipped out of doors to
a favorite seat of mine on a log by the
brook, and cried myself almost sick."

"No, Nell, Robert was not lingering
near in the moonlight ready to comfort
me. This isn't a novel, remember.
But, dear me! real life, after all, is
more strange and interesting than these
made-up things."

"Time went on, and I saw Robert
at the husking parties and at meetings,
but he did not come to our house often.
I saw he looked pale and unhappy, and
so I was perfectly wretched. No one
but Mary knew what was the matter.
Mother thought I was 'convicted,' as
they used to say when any one was
seeking religion."

"Things went on so till November.
We had just been having our first
trouble with the Indians. They had
kept pretty much out of sight, but had
stolen some of our sheep and pigs; so
we women folks did not venture out much
for fear we would come across them."

"One day the baby was very sick.
Mother had no medicine in the house,
so one of us had to go to our nearest
neighbor's after some. Mary was bak-
ing mince-pies and crullers, for the
next day was Thanksgiving. Mother
could not leave the child, and father
had gone six miles to mill to have
some corn ground. He went with a
bag of corn on each side of the horse,
and returned with a bag of meal and
one of flour. I was the only one to
go there. I was a path through the
woods which cut off a mile. I con-
cluded to take that, as it was late, and
I had forgotten all about the Indians in
my fright over the baby."

"I hurried on through the dead
leaves, singing as I went, until, when
about half way there, I heard a quick
noise before me, and a heavy hand was
laid on my shoulder. Turning around,
I saw I was in the grasp of a savage,
looking Indian. I hardly knew how I
did it, but I threw my loose shawl over
my head, and springing from his grasp,
darted away from him into the woods.
I was very slight and quick-footed, so
by the time he got the shawl off and had
recovered from his surprise, I was out
of sight. I ran till I was quite out of
breath and completely lost in the
woods. Then as my captor was not in
sight, I dared not go farther for fear I
would soon get back to him. I saw a
large, hollow log on the ground, and
being very slender, I had no trouble
in crawling in.

"I lay there for some time, so over-
come with fright that I did not realize
where I was. When I did, I suffered
a perfect agony; for every time the
wind rustled the dry leaves, I thought
sure an Indian or a hungry bear was
coming to find my hiding-place. Then
I was very cold, and as hours passed,
dreadfully hungry. I felt sure the
baby would die without the medicine.
Then I knew mother would be fright-
ened to death when I did not come. I
imagined father would come to hunt
for me, and the Indians would kill him,
and then go and burn our house. But
most of all, I thought of the good, no-
ble heart I had slighted, and I knew if
I did not get home Robert would grieve
the most. I realized then how I loved
him. Children, if you are in any doubt
whom you love the best in the world,
wait till you are in some place of
great danger, then your heart will
cry for one person, forgetful of other
loved ones."

"God often uses human love to lead
us to Divine love. Thinking how I
had treated the one I loved best, led
me to thinking how I had treated the
Friend who loved me best and died for
me. He had offered to make me His
child and heir, but I had turned away
from Him with indifference. And now
in the cold, lonely forest, in the dead
of night, I was alone. He was not with
me. Then I remembered the preach-
er's last text: 'Before they call I will
answer, and while they are yet speak-
ing I will hear.' So the Lord must be
near. Then I sought Him with all my
heart, and of course found Him; for
He was there all the time. My heart
was so full of joy at finding I wasn't
alone, that I hardly noticed the cold
any more or trembled when some pan-
ther screamed in the distance."

"I fell asleep, and it was quite light
when I was awakened by the sound of
my name ringing through the forest.
I knew that clear, strong voice was
Robert's, and I crawled out as quickly
as I could, all cramped up and stiff
with the cold, and had just risen to my
feet when that voice shouted, 'Drop
down, Nellie!' I sank down on the
ground, feeling perfectly safe now
Robert was near. That moment there
was a flash and the report of a rifle,
and something heavy fell to the
ground. Turning around, I saw a
great black bear, pierced to the heart
by Robert's ball."

"In a moment Robert had me in his
arms, and I knew without asking that
he had forgiven my foolish words. He
told me afterwards how, after finding
my shawl, he was almost distracted,
thinking the Indians had stolen me.
Then, when after hunting for me all
night, he found me with a great bear
ready to spring upon me, and I be-
tween the bear and gun, his heart al-
most stopped beating."

"Yes, child, we went home with a
perfect understanding, and that was a
very happy Thanksgiving day in our
little cabin. When Christmas came,
there was a quiet wedding in our
home, and Robert and I went to keep
house ourselves. In the spring I
commenced the life of an itinerant min-
ister's wife. My dears, we had many
hardships, but love made the way
bright for the forty-five years we were to-
gether. Girls, never trifle with a true
man's heart, or object to his looking on
life in a practical way."

"Grandma," said Nell, "your sto-
ries, like those Anna writes, always
end with a moral. I always stop when
I come to where it says, 'moral'; but
I always take everything in that you
tell me."

"Love God and be true to your own
heart, and life will be a joy and suc-
cess. When you come out at Christmas
time, I'll tell you some of my experi-
ences on a circuit," said the dear old
lady, as she kissed us good-night and
wished us "Thanksgiving dreams."

MRS. MARGARET T. STEBBINS.

BY REV. M. RAYMOND, D. D.

Mrs. Margaret T. Stebbins, widow
of the late Clark B. Stebbins, died in
Evanston, Ill., on the 7th inst., aged
73 years. She lived during her child-
hood, youth and early womanhood in
Springfield, Mass., afterwards for sev-
eral years in Wilbraham, Mass., then
removed to Peoria, Ill., where she re-
sided until about ten years since, when
she removed to Evanston. When about
eighteen years of age she received evi-
dence of pardon and adoption at a
camp-meeting near Springfield, and
soon after became a member of the
M. E. Church. Her Christian life from
the day of her conversion to the day of
her death was eminently accordant
with the profession of her faith, and
until changed circumstances and fail-
ing health compelled a restriction of
activities, she was among the most ac-
tive of Christian workers in all deeds
of charity and good-will within her pow-
er. She was known in Springfield and
Wilbraham long before her years gave
her a claim to the title as a "mother in
Israel," and as her opportunities al-
lowed, to the close of her life she
evinced the same good-will and dispo-
sition towards good-work.

Religion was with her the beginning
and the ending of life-aims; it was a
character, a life, a creed, and a ritual;
it was all of these in the highest sense
of the strictest of the orthodox faith.
Her last sickness was severe and pro-
tracted. For more than a year she
seemed near her end, but the faith
which was her ornament in health and
prosperity was an adequate solace and
support in sickness and suffering.

Of the members of her immediate
family only one survives her—Mrs.
Mary Reed, of Evanston, whose faith-
ful and affectionate attentions to her
sufferings are worthy of all commendation.
The body of the departed awaits
the waking of the resurrection in

Rose Hill cemetery near the place of
her decease; her spirit we think of as
most certainly with the

The Methodist Church.

MAINE.

One of the most interesting and spiritual Ministerial Associations that has been enjoyed on this district, was held at Gardiner, Me., Nov. 11-13. About twenty-five ministers were in attendance. Rev. R. L. Greene, of Park St., Lewiston, preached on Monday evening, from Ezekiel, 1:10; Rev. J. B. Hamilton, of Hammond St., Lewiston, on Tuesday evening, from Luke 23:23; and Rev. W. M. Sterling, of Augusta, on Wednesday evening, from 2 Cor. viii, 9. Each sermon evoked thorough preparation, and was both instructive and profitable to the large audience present. Rev. C. C. Mason was chosen as president of the meeting. The subjects presented and discussed were, "Future Punishment," "The Person and Work of Christ," "How shall we reach that class of our population who do not attend church?" "The Duty of the Church in relation to the Sunday-school," "The Person and Work of the Holy Spirit," "How can we best secure a revival?" and exegesis of 1 Sam. xxviii, 1-25. The person and work of Christ, and of the Holy Spirit, were so faithfully presented, both in essays and remarks, that the audience not only received new light thereby, but rich spiritual blessings, leading them, during the services, to praise God for the great work of Atonement, and the abiding legacy of the Church—the baptism of the Holy Ghost. The essays of Rev. Dr. Allen, Rev. C. M. Muger, W. M. Sterling, and F. Grover, were listened to with marked attention, and the written exegesis by Rev. F. C. Rogers, on the will of Enoch, not only presented, but called forth, much needed light on the same, and a mysterious appearance of Samuel to Saul.

Rev. C. Muger gave the preachers a drill of one hour in elocution, which, we trust, will prove a blessing to our lungs, our voices, and also to the people whom we serve. It was voted to hold the next Ministerial Association at West Paris, and Dr. Torrey, Rev. R. L. Greene, J. B. Hamilton, and M. C. Pondexter, were chosen a committee to prepare the program of exercises for the meeting. Upon leaving Gardiner several of the brethren said, "We have had a good meeting; I mean to attend the next one at West Paris." We trust the cold winds of the coming winter will not chill the ardor of this hope.

IRA G. SPRAGUE, Secy.

The Methodist and Christian Baptist societies at the Sunday-school, at Gardiner, Me., Nov. 11-13, were very successful. Service is held in the yard every Tuesday and Friday at noon for the benefit of the workmen.

Mrs. Hunt, a Quakeress, has been holding a series of revival meetings with Rev. A. R. Sylvester at Cornish and Kezar Falls, with good success.

At a concert given by the young people connected with the Scarborough Methodist Church, under the direction of Rev. Brother Hillman, \$30 were raised towards repairing the pews.

Rev. Brother Corey, of West Baldwin, has been afflicted for several weeks by sickness in his family.

Rev. C. B. Pittsford opened the lecture course at Saccaparra, Friday evening, Nov. 15, with his lecture on "Orators." The course is in the interest of the ladies' circle. The revival continues. Souls are at the altar every night.

The Methodist union services in Portland have been held in the vestry of the Chestnut Street Church, the past week, with encouraging interest.

Rev. Mr. Rogers, late of Farmington, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Congregational Church in Bridgton, and has commenced his labors there.

A correspondent of the Farmington Chronicle speaks highly of a Bible-reading given recently in Strong by Rev. Brother Burbank on the "message of God's love." The new hymnal was introduced at the same service.

About eighty of the parishioners of Rev. F. W. Smith, Lower Bartlett, N. H., gathered at the parsonage, Thursday, Nov. 14, and gave their pastor a good "pounding." A pound of specie, a generous roll of greenbacks, fruit, but, and other good things, were the pastor's tribute (T). The religious interest on the charge is increasing, and the people are looking for spiritual victory. He is a happy man whose lines fall in this goodly heritage; as long as "Aunt Mary" lives; and if she ever dies, may her mantle fall on many others!

VERMONT.

White River Junction.—The M. E. Church at this place was greatly cheered last week by the reception of a complete pulpit set—preaching desk, three chairs and two tables—presented by four gentlemen and two ladies. Also a communion set from an Episcopalian lady, Mrs. J. B. Dow, all of Boston.

The week of prayer for young men was observed by many of our Churches. The Y. M. C. Association of Vermont have done excellent service in the cause of religion.

The Congregationalists have lost a good preacher in the recent death of Rev. John Martin, of West Fairlee Centre. He was one of the most esteemed Congregational preachers in the State, and the regard in which he was held by his people was little less than that of a father. The deceased was seventy years of age, and has spent the entire term of his clerical labors in Orange county.

Rev. O. W. Scott, pastor of the First Methodist Church in Concord, N. H., recently occupied the pulpit of the Congregational Church at Newbury, preaching a very able sermon. He is a son of the late Rev. Orange Scott, well known in the Conference years ago.

The extra meetings at Georgia have closed; but Brother Bunnell is still pushing the work at West Milton. Some of the gospel workers from St. Albans have been rendering efficient help at the latter place.

An excellent revival is in progress at Burlington under the direction of Mrs. Hammond, of the Mariners' Church, New York. Who shows eminent fitness for the work. About one hundred have already manifested a desire to flee from the wrath to come and to be saved from their sins.

A Miss Knowlton, from Canada, has been assisting Brother W. H. Hyde, of Swanton, in some special services. Miss Knowlton is a niece of Quakeress, H. B. Barton, of Newport Center—a Quakeress, but in intimate sympathy with our method of doing things, and admirably adapted to reach the people.

The work at Rochester is still in excellent condition. Brother Hamilton shows himself a most successful overseer of the Church of God. He has divided his Church of 120 members into eight classes which meet regularly, and in which fifteen have been converted during the autumn. They

are planning for some extra meetings soon in which they are assisted by Presiding Elder Tabor, Brother A. L. Cooper, of W. Vermont, and others. Brother Hamilton baptized two persons at the last quarterly meeting, and has received eight into full membership within a few weeks. N. H. S.

Obituaries.

EBENEZER S. TOLLEGE was born in Warwick, R. I., Jan. 29, 1809, and died at North Kingston, R. I., Oct. 9, 1878, in his 70th year.

Brother T. was soundly converted to God while in Natick, R. I., at the age of sixteen, under the labors of Rev. H. S. Ramadell, who was then traveling Warwick circuit, and who has only preceded this convert to glory by less than a year.

The circumstances which surrounded him in early life were not favorable to religious growth. In a small manufacturing village, amid godless, scoffing companions, with scarcely a professing Christian in the place to sympathize with, or to counsel him, with no church nearer than Centerville, R. I., and a convert to an unpopular sect, it required much grace and stamina in such a youth to live for God. But he did so live. He not only maintained his own spiritual life, but was eminently useful and successful in promoting that of others.

Through his earnest labors all the members of his father's family were brought to Christ, while his work in the various communities in which he lived or visited during his life, was wonderful. Many Sabbath-schools, classes, and even Churches, owe their existence to him, and in one place, as the result, and the establishment of religious services by him, more than two hundred were converted, and large numbers in other places.

If the marked traits of his character were to be named, they would include at least five, as follows: 1. Prayerfulness. However pressing his work, or weary his frame, he would have his times to pray, morning, noon and night, besides the uncounted private seasons. 2. Christian progress. He was not content with an ordinary life of justification, but sought, and rested not until he obtained the blessing of entire sanctification, in the possession of which he walked rejoicingly for over forty years. 3. Strict principle. In all questions of right, whether relating to temperance, business, or even politics, he swayed not from a straight course, but the personal cost what it might. 4. Devotion to the Church. Distance, storms, weariness, and other common excuses for non-attendance at the place of worship or duty, never found use by him. As a Christian and a Church officer, he was ever at his post. 5. Earnestness. Others. He did not know what it was to live for himself; he lived for God. If he met a man on business, the question of salvation was sure to rise to his lips; and many are the souls that he awakened, counseled, and sympathized from him, though ever in the most unobtrusive way. In the home, the Church, and the community, he will be alike missed and lamented.

During his last brief illness, he said: "My home is above." "I'm going up the hill, and am almost at the top." He died; he had no "down hill," his was an upward course, and is now crowned with an eternal success. May his dear family, wife, sons and daughter, and who knew and loved him, live a life as pure and useful, and share in like eternal reward.

G. DEB. STODDARD.

Miss LYDIA TYLER, a worthy member of the Worthen Street M. E. Church, died in Lowell, Sept. 11, 1878.

For six years she had honored her Christian profession by a well-ordered life and a godly conversation. Her sickness, which was of more than a year's duration, could not destroy her patience or sweetness of disposition. She died, leaving to mourning friends and loving acquaintances most satisfactory evidence of the reality of religious support and of the religious life. She honored God in her life; He honored her with abundance of grace in her death.

G. L. C.

JAMES LIBBY died in Berwick, Me., Sept. 4, 1878, aged 68 years.

Brother Libby was a farmer, lived and died upon the same farm, the place having been owned by his father and grandfather. Brother L. was converted some forty-eight or ninety years since, and soon after united with the M. E. Church, being one of the earliest members of the Church on this charge.

For many years the little society worshipped at Cranberry Meadow, so-called, where years since they built a house of worship, he assisting with his influence and money while the society worshipped there. He was constant in his attendance at all the meetings, and when circumstances so changed the vicinity that at times there would not be more than from twelve to fifteen present in the congregation, Brother L. and wife made a part of the feeble band. When it was decided, some three years since, to remove the church edifice to the village, rector, and enlarge it, he was one of the number to encourage and aid in the work to the extent of his ability, though it would very considerably increase the distance he would have to travel to reach the church.

Brother L.'s house was ever a home for the preacher, where they always found a warm welcome.

He was modest and retiring, of few words, a man of words rather than of deeds; yet he was ever ready to give his counsel to his minister, and that counsel was always very valuable. From the very commencement of his connection with the Church, and during his whole life, he was a trustee and steward, always filling these offices with integrity. He was greatly respected in the town as a good and useful citizen; in the neighborhood as a kind, obliging neighbor, always willing to accommodate others, even though it might be greatly at his own inconvenience. His domestic relations were most happy—kind, indulgent and amiable as a husband and father. A wife and two daughters mourn his death. Each of his daughters married a son of "Reformation John Adams," one of them living in Oregon, and, of course, not able to be present at the sickness and death of the father.

Brother Libby was a devoted and consistent Christian, and died very peacefully. Indeed, his whole life was a bright exhibition of the power of the Gospel to save. His loss is severely felt by the Church in this place; and not only by the Church, but by the community generally. But what earth has lost, heaven has gained.

D. B. RANDALL.

Geo. W. WORTHEN died very suddenly in Plymouth, N. H., Jan. 9, 1878, aged 25 years and 8 months.

He was a child of praying parents,

from whom he received the best of religious instruction. He experienced religion about a year prior to his death, and was baptized. He had just established his home, having been married only eight months, when God called him to the home above. His friends do not hope to solve the mysteries of Providence, but they do trust his Saviour.

MARY B. MORSE WORTHEN, wife of Jacob S. Worthen, died in Holderness, N. H., Jan. 28, 1878, aged 59 years and 2 months.

Sister W. was married Dec. 25, 1857. She and her husband experienced religion the May following, and on the first day of July they were baptized by Elder Simon Downing, and joined the Baptist Church at Holderness, where their Church home for twenty years. They then took leave and joined the M. E. Church in Plymouth.

She was a most faithful wife and mother, and a very consistent Christian. She walked with God, and his love for her himself.

CATHARINE FLYER was born in Waldo, Me., March 4, 1792, and died in Thomaston, April 22, 1878, aged 86 years, 1 month and 18 days.

The deceased was converted, and united with the M. E. Church in the town of Union, with her husband, more than forty years ago. She was the mother of ten children, five of whom survive. She was a regular attendant upon the house of God until seven years ago, when the infirmities of age prevented the enjoyment of this privilege. She was ardently attached to the Word of God, and would sit up at night, and read the Scriptures, and sing hymns, and pray, and wait for her change. "Her faith did not fail her." She was willing to "wait all the days of her appointed time." Her last sickness lasted but a few hours. "Oh, take me home!" were her last words. The righteous hath died in his faith.

W. H. WILLIAMS.

Died in Farmington, Me., Sept. 21, 1878. Rev. NATHANIEL ELLIS, a local elder, aged 74 years.

Brother E. was converted when thirteen years old, and joined the Methodist Church at Fairfield, where the greater part of his life was spent. They honored him by giving him a license to exhort in 1832. The following year he was licensed as a local preacher by the Presiding Elder, Rev. Oliver Beale. Afterwards he was ordained deacon, and then elder.

Though he never joined the traveling connection, yet he ever sought opportunities to preach Christ. He was at one time employed by the Presiding Elder as preacher in charge of one of the circuits, where he did good service for a few years.

A few years ago he removed to Farmington, and walked among the people as a man of God. He ever held fast to Christ, even in great feebleness of mind, when all else gave way. Peaceably he passed to his everlasting home. Those who knew him, and who loved him, thank God for his life, and rejoice in the hope of a blessed reunion.

R. SANDERSON.

EZRA ATWOOD was born in Fairfield, Me., April 11, 1812, and died in Brownville, Me., Aug. 15, 1878, aged 66 years and 4 months.

Brother A. was a member of the M. E. Church at Brownville, where he was long and faithfully served in the Church militant, and the Master said, "Come up higher, and dwell with me in the triumphs of faith." "Our people die well."

Died, in Great Falls, N. H., Oct. 2, 1878. John Jones, aged 73 years and 6 months.

Brother Jones was converted to God in 1829. Previous to his conversion he had endeavored to embrace the Universalist theory of salvation. This failed to satisfy him, and he yielded himself to God and accepted salvation through faith in the atonement of Jesus Christ. His conversion was satisfactory. The Bible became to him a wonderful book; great light shone upon his mind through the Word, and he became a constant reader of the Scriptures.

When the first temperance pledge was circulated in the town, he was one of the fourteen who were found willing to sign it. When the question of American slavery and his duty towards it demanded his attention, he espoused the cause of the widow and the orphan, faith in the atonement of Jesus Christ. His conversion was satisfactory. The Bible became to him a wonderful book; great light shone upon his mind through the Word, and he became a constant reader of the Scriptures.

For nineteen years he was leader of a class that met in his own house; and the testimony of his companion is that for thirty-nine years of their married life, family prayer was never omitted except it was necessary. Faithful soldier! his sufferings were severe the last months of his life, but he died a victor. By his request he was buried with him in the little grave in the cemetery. He was a man of God, and his life was a constant testimony to the power of the Gospel to save.

MELLEN HOWARD.

CARRIE C. HORNE was born in Great Falls, N. H., Oct. 18, 1818, and died in the same town Oct. 18, 1878.

She was converted in the spring of 1838, under the labors of Rev. Sullivan Holman, and joined the High Street M. E. Church in January, 1859. She was a consistent member of the same until her translation to the Church triumphant. Possessed of a remarkably cheerful disposition, she gathered around her a large circle of friends. All who really knew her readily testify to her sterling worth. Her disease was cancer, and her sufferings were great, but grace refined her spiritual nature, and she was a constant witness that the will of the Lord be done. She is truly believed, and rejoiced in the Apostle's declaration, "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous; nevertheless it afterward yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto such as are exercised thereby." She understands that declaration now. The parting was hard for friends, but it is well with the departed. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

By the straining through blood-purifying properties, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all kinds of blood diseases, such as Eczema, Pimples, or Eruptions, Mercurial diseases, Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Scalding, and all other skin diseases, and all other diseases of the blood, and all other diseases of the system, and all other diseases of the body, and all other diseases of the mind, and all other diseases of the soul, and all other diseases of the spirit, and all other diseases of the flesh, and all other diseases of the bone, and all other diseases of the marrow, and all other diseases of the sinews, and all other diseases of the nerves, and all other diseases of the vessels, and all other diseases of the organs, and all other diseases of the system, and all other diseases of the body, and all other diseases of the mind, and all other diseases of the soul, and all other diseases of the spirit, and all other diseases of the flesh, and all other diseases of the bone, and all 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[Missionary Meeting continued from first page.]
 He takes the United States as his guide. But she says never shall want engineers; but if she does, she has it in the Berlin treaty that the United States shall furnish them. The prejudices of China are on our side.

Take another case—that of Turkey. See how she is handled in the quadrilateral fight about her soil. First, there is Great Britain always conquering (she is a pirate); so are we; the Anglo-Saxon is a born pirate. The first time we saw him he was in the North Sea, a pirate; now he is a converted pirate. But he has been conquering, and never once has given up a single land—there is Great Britain, willing to fight, if some one else will foot the bill. Next is France; she says to her great rival, be careful not to take full possession. Then there is Germany; she says, I think you would better not take Constantinople. And then there is Russia, mightiest in acres of all the nations; she has been desiring Turkey with a desire nine centuries old. We are hedged in by the Monroe doctrine. We can send in our missionaries, and they are welcomed by everybody. One half of mankind down at our feet; and God says, "Will you help them?"

Take another view of the case—our physical comforts. Not a road or bridge in China has been repaired for two thousand years. Their streets are six feet wide. The sewers are built up against the sides of the houses. The filth has accumulated, in some places, for sixteen hundred years. These are physical facts, the least important. Go to India, and see how little they know of comfort—rubbed by priests, murdered by magistrates, compelled by every pressure to commit every outrage upon the finer feelings of the human heart. They have not gained an inch in forty centuries. We are within hand-reach of them. They will stop an army to have an insect; they will wear out men in building hospitals for sick cats; they beg to be left by the roadside that vermin may fatten on them; and yet they trample beneath their feet their living sisters, burn their mothers alive, and strangle their fathers.

They are within easy reach of us; and they are the purchase of the Son of God. He asks, "What will you do for them?" Once, in England, two miners, one a Christian, the other not, were going up a shaft. Suddenly, they discovered that the rope which held them had part, save one strand. Knowing that one must die, the Christian said, "John, you are not ready to die; I am. Do not let my children starve; and I sprang out. Do you think that the second man could see the other's children anywhere on the earth go hungry if he had a crust? The Master gave His life for us, and He has put them within easy reach of us and asks us to give them the bread of life. Will you do it?"

Oh! I am glad I was not called upon—for I think I would have gone—to plunge into the depths of heathendom, where I would have to fight to keep my children from becoming heathen, and when they grew a little older, would have to take them down to the sea, and hunt with my tear-dimmed eyes through the passengers for some kindly face to whom I could trust my little ones that I might send them back over the sea that they might find somewhere in the Republic a Christian home where they could be trained; some other hand to rest on their heads. Oh! I bless God that He has never asked me to do that! But He has asked other men who love their children as much as I do mine; and they are doing this thing. But though God has not asked that of me, He does ask us this to give of our substance as best we may to help this cause. And I submit that, grand as have been our successes, and liberal as has been our Church, we are only at the beginning of our work. May the Lord help you to take this up your heart!

[Report of remainder of meetings next week.]

THE WEEK.

DAILY RECORD OF LEADING EVENTS.

Tuesday, November 19.
 A panic in mining stocks in San Francisco is reported.
 The city of Norwich in England has been partially inundated by a freshet in the river Wensum. About 3,500 dwellings have been rendered uninhabitable.
 According to the London Times, the Halifax award will be paid forthwith.
 The report on Steamboat Inspection for the year shows that the proportion of passengers killed by explosions to the total number carried by steamboats is one and one-tenth to one million.
 San Salvador is suffering from severe earthquake and volcanic eruptions.

Wednesday, November 20.
 A severe shock of earthquake is reported from Southern Illinois and the adjoining States.
 The reward for the apprehension and conviction of the robbers of the Stewart vault has been increased to \$50,000 for them all, or \$10,000 for any one of them.
 Lord Beaconsfield has declined to grant an interview to Lord Lawrence's committee for the purpose of listening to arguments in favor of an early assembling of Parliament to consider the Afghan question.
 Ex-President Prado, of Peru, has been assassinated.

Col. Dwight, who died suddenly at Birmingham, N. Y., recently, had taken out \$250,000 in life insurance policies a few weeks prior to his death, and the companies are investigating the matter.

Thursday, November 21.
 The British troops have been ordered to advance on Afghanistan.
 Great distress among the laboring class in Sheffield, England, is reported.
 Fifteen million dollars of the Cuban loan have been subscribed in Paris.
 The town of De Kuyter, N. Y., has voted to repudiate \$100,000 of its bonds.
 Captain Browning, of the 7th U. S. Infantry, has seized the safe, boxes, etc., of the Crow Agency, and deposited Agent Frost.

Friday, November 22.
 The Halifax Award has been paid by Minister Wolcott.
 British troops crossed the Afghan frontier yesterday, and occupied a fort without resistance.
 By an explosion of gas in an Indiana coal mine yesterday, thirteen persons were killed and several injured.

Secretary Sherman proposes to receive five millions, to a limited amount, for outposts due after Jan. 1.
 Angell, the Pullman Car Company defaulter, has been tracked to Lisbon, and \$50,000 taken from his person.
 The naval estimates for the next fiscal year are about fourteen million dollars.

Saturday, November 23.

The British Parliament will convene Dec. 5. Secretary Sherman's estimates for government expenses next year are five and a half millions below those of the present year.

The search for the Stewart remains still continues fruitless.

The British troops have seized a strong fort in the Khyber Pass.

George D. Stetson, for many years agent of the Bridgewater Iron Works, is declared a defaulter to the amount of \$25,000.

Monday, November 26.
 The future governor-general of Canada and lady—Lord Lorne and the Princess Louise—arrived at Halifax, N. S., on Saturday evening.

The United States Treasury paid \$26,765, 98 to army pensioners during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1878.

President Abraham Vochow and seven directors of the defunct State bank of New Brunswick, N. J., were arrested on Saturday.

FOUR PER CENT.—From an extended article in the Boston Herald we call the following information regarding these Bonds as being of interest to all classes.

The Maverick National Bank, of Boston, assumed the Government Agency for the sale of the four per cent. Bonds, about ten months since, being the first to introduce them to the people of New England, and since then they have sold many millions, orders coming not only from their immediate vicinity, but from all parts of New England.

The agency acting as the distributing medium for this section of the country, furnishing the Banks largely, as they make a saving of time by ordering through them.

The four per cent. loan has over twenty years to run, and is regarded with favor on account of its permanency, as well as its absolute security, while its freedom from all taxation renders this four per cent. interest equal to five and one-half per cent. on any other investment.

The immense demand for them comes chiefly from persons holding trust funds and those having \$100 or upwards to invest where they feel it will be safest and the returns surest. There are fifty small purchasers to one large buyer, and the former are altogether of the middle and working classes.

People have made a grand move in taking and holding for investment their own national debt, thus retaining in this country the vast amount of interest that would otherwise be paid to foreign capitalists.

The Maverick National Bank also does a large business in all other issues of Government loan, and buys and sells and exchanges any United States Securities, either delivering to the parties' address, or in Washington—where many prefer.

Dr. R. V. PIERCE, of Buffalo, N. Y., the proprietor of Dr. Pierce's Family Medicine, and also of the Invalids' and Tourists' Hotel, of that city, has recently been elected to Congress by the very flattering majority of nearly 3,000. He has already served his constituency as State Senator, and this renewed endorsement signifies that his services have been highly satisfactory. His extensive practice in the treatment of Chronic Diseases will not, we are informed, be neglected or suffer in the least when the time arrives for him to take his seat in Congress, it being entrusted to his brother and other experienced medical gentlemen, who have long been associated with the Doctor in the Medical Department of his celebrated World's Dispensary and Invalids' Hotel. Besides, as the Forty-sixth Congress does not convene until December, 1879, Dr. Pierce's patients will not lose his personal attention for some months yet.

AMERICAN MANUFACTURES ABROAD. particularly musical instruments, are in many cases supplanting those of foreign makers in their own markets. George Woods & Co., the well-known Organ makers, of Cambridge, build a moderately-priced Parlor Organ which has as much variety as a Pipe Organ, and of such a refined and beautiful quality of tone that they are almost daily in receipt of orders for them from musicians in all quarters of the globe.

"Every day in every circumstance" you can find a new "New York Herald" full of strength and blood running. Prepared only by Caswell & Co., of Boston; proprietors of Caswell & Co.'s SLIPPERY ELM LOZENGES, for Coughs, and the beautiful WAX FLOSS Hair dressing. For sale by all druggists.

The Boston Dental College, which is located at 455 Tremont Street, is showing a great deal of vigor, and is accordingly rewarded by the presence of a large number of students—larger than ever before since the first year of its organization, eleven years ago. It has an able faculty, is well located, and its rooms are the most commodious and comfortable in the city. Large numbers of the middle and poorer classes, who secure work done for them at very low cost. Thus a kind of dental dispensary is open by the college for those who otherwise would not be able to have such necessary work done in the usual way.

Two Esels, inlaid with selections from the Collected Old Elm that stood on Boston Common until the gate on 1873, are attracting much attention at Paine's, on Canal and Friend Streets. They are very elegant in design, which, of course, adds very much to their value as souvenirs.

A children's surprise for their father is building at Paine's. It is a heavy Turkish arm-chair covered in raw silk tapestry and red plush trimmed, over which the family can romp and tear with utter abandon that delights a parent's heart, and tests the qualities of frame and upholstery.

The Chamber-stone on which the medal was awarded to Paine by the Mechanics Association has been duplicated in black walnut and is on exhibition at his show-rooms, opposite the Boston and Maine railroad station.

The judges of the carpet exhibit at the Mechanics' Fair have awarded a gold medal (the highest award) to the Brussels carpets manufactured by the Lowell Carpet Co., of which Messrs. George G. Richardson & Co., of this city, are the selling agents. The exhibit of these elegant goods was made by John H. Pray, Sons & Co., and were their own special patterns, and are now to be seen at their water-rooms, 558 and 560 Washington Street.

Six large floors, amply lighted, are required to display the immense stock of fine Carpets now offered at 169 Washington Street, by Joel Goldthwait & Co.

Every one of our readers should carefully peruse the advertisement of the Royal Manufacturing Co., of New York, which appears for the first time in our issue of this date. The goods they speak for themselves, while the responsibility of the firm is vouchered for by the editorial endorsements.

The special, or rather private, patterns of Roxbury tapestry exhibited by Messrs. John H. Pray, Sons & Co., at the Mechanics' Fair, and which were awarded the silver medal, are now on sale at Messrs. Pray's warehouse, 558 and 560 Washington Street. They are the largest wholesale and retail dealers in Roxbury tapestries in the United States.

Money Letters from Nov. 4 to 25.
 G. C. Adams, B. M. Adams, J. Q. Adams, D. S. Adams, C. W. Adams, C. E. Adams, C. H. Adams, C. B. Adams, C. A. Adams, C. S. Adams, C. F. Adams, C. G. Adams, C. J. Adams, C. K. Adams, C. L. Adams, C. M. Adams, C. N. Adams, C. O. Adams, C. P. Adams, C. Q. Adams, C. R. Adams, C. S. Adams, C. T. Adams, C. U. Adams, C. V. Adams, C. W. Adams, C. X. Adams, C. Y. Adams, C. Z. Adams, C. A. Adams, C. B. Adams, C. C. Adams, C. D. Adams, C. E. Adams, C. F. Adams, C. G. Adams, C. H. Adams, C. I. Adams, C. J. Adams, C. K. Adams, C. L. Adams, C. M. Adams, C. N. Adams, C. O. Adams, C. P. Adams, C. Q. Adams, C. R. Adams, C. S. Adams, C. T. Adams, C. U. Adams, C. V. Adams, C. W. Adams, C. X. Adams, C. Y. Adams, C. Z. Adams, C. A. Adams, C. B. Adams, C. C. Adams, C. D. Adams, C. E. Adams, C. F. Adams, C. G. Adams, C. H. Adams, C. I. Adams, C. J. Adams, C. K. Adams, C. L. Adams, C. M. Adams, C. N. Adams, C. O. Adams, C. P. Adams, C. Q. Adams, C. R. Adams, C. S. Adams, C. T. Adams, C. U. Adams, C. V. 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